For Adrienne

The tour begins at the bottom of the stairs.

Exhibit one: Pink Flip Flops

*They took her to Fenway Park, college, chemo, and even church once.*

Curled and worn, her footprints tattooed on their surface.

*Moving up the stairs on your left you will observe*

*a painting she did in kindergarten.*

Fingerpaints, you think,

wavy yellow house, three stick figure girls in skirts

Now there would only be three

*Next stop, the bathroom she shared with her sisters.*

You see her toothbrush,

the bristles graze your hand—soft, yet worn.

Why didn’t someone throw this away yet?

Is that her wrinkled towel on the rack?

What about the strand of hair

you think you see in the drain?

*The highlight of the tour…*

You scurry to catch up.

*She slept here. Everything has been preserved as it actually was left.*

*Amazing! Please do not cross the purple velvet rope*

But you want to race across the rope

Rip it to shreds, scream, yell

“She was my little sister!”

Destroy this museum,

bury your face in her laundry,

burrow under her sheets,

nuzzle your cheek into her pillow

drink in her breath,

so you can feel

alive.